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Choice Poetry.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE COM-SCRIPTION ACT.

BY WHICH A MARRIED MAN OF MORE THAN THIRTY-PIP YEARS OLD IS EXEMPT.

Or not to be a conscript? is the question. Thether 'tis nobler in a man to marry so able-bodied man of six-and-thirty-And enter upon the dread uncertainty hance a fretful wife, a numerous family, And bills interminable of grocer, baker, As surely as the night succeeds the day,) Or take up arms against a sea of traitors, And, by opposing, and them all? - To marry-To sleep-no more. And by that sleep to end The heart-ache and the thousand natural fears That flesh is heir to, on the field of battle-The bursting bomb-shell and the whistling builet-The bayonet charge—it were a consummation Descrity to be wished. To marry-to sleep-To sleep! perchance to dream-ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep what horrid dreams may come-A Country murdered through my negligence-What terrible lectures may assail me there, By her who hath a legal right to "Caudle" me, When thus by marrying, I have 'scaped the "DRAFT, Must give me pause: There's the respect That makes calamity of such a life. For who would bear the whips and scorn of time, Be pointed at through all the years to come:-"There zoes a eneak who, when his Country called him

To bravely battle in the glorious cause If Freedom and the Hope of all the world, Hid, like a treacherous Copperhead, behind A petticoat! - Who, when he might have been A bern in the final ristory, Where Right and Union vanquished Wrong and Trea Did his quietus meke with a—bare woman?" But that the dread of something in the South, That dark, rebellious country from whose bourne No traveller returns - nuzzles the will. Thus marrying does make cowards of us all, And thus the native has of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale east of fear. And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn away, And lose the name of action. Mr Country calls. She whom of all I know Mast worthy to be loved, is whispering-"Go!" I go: nor will I press the amptial bed Till she, who loves me, with a warrior wed.

THE STRUGGLE.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Sw not, the struggle nought availeth, The labor and the wounds are vain, The enemy faints not, nor faileth,

If lopes were dupes, fears may be liars; It may be, in you smoke concealed, Your comrades chase e'en now the fliets, And, but for you, possess the field.

Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,

Comes silent, flooding in, the main. And not be eastern windows only.

When day-light comes, comes in the light: In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,

Select Tale.

AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

"Every young man ought to enlist-

Letty Dallas flashed the blue light of her eyes, half smiling, half scornful, upon Mr. St. Mayne as she spoke. A straight, lithe maiden, with black ripples of shi-ning hair, and blue eyes, full of shadow. "We ar like late-blossomed violets, it was not in the nature of any male individual to endure her sprightly badinage unmoved. Yet Marcy St. Mayne only smiled as he stood quietly watching her.

"Are you so very anxious to secure volunteers, Miss Letty ?" "Anxious? of course I am 1 Come.

Mr. St. Mayne, follow your brother's exemple, and turn soldier !" St. Mayne smiled with provoking cool-

"Oh, if I could only inspire you with a spark of my enthusiasm !" said Letty,

What sacrifice wouldn't I make for the Banner of Stars !" "Would you really sacrifice much ?"

"Any thing—every thing !"
St. Mayne lifted his long, dark lashes, and looked her full in the face with an expression she could hardly comprehend. pression on that icicle nature of yours ?" ? A riboon? a smile? or a boquet ?"

deliberately, "I do require bounty-a bounty beyond money and beyond price!" "What a solemn preface!" said Letty, Mayne!" lightly. "Well ?" "I will be your soldier, Letty, and

fight as man never fought before, until our own lips bid me lay down the sword, if you will reward me some day, with your own sweet self. That is the bounty I require !"

The deep crimson which had dyed her face turned suddenly to ashy whiteness— she leaned against the carved marble onpids of the mantle, that he might not see how she trembled.

"Oh, no! I can not! I can not! Any-

your country. You are willing to make for men should baptise with our blood the never dared to tell his love. Ah! he had steps that load to tell his love. steps that lead to Freedom's altar, yet grown braver now. you can not give up one idle dream, one girlish fancy, in its behalf. Do I seem but self-absorbed, and it was not until harsh?" harsh ?" he added, as her eyes were rais- Walter rose to take leave, at the chimes ed appealingly to his face. "Nay, I did not mean it. There, Miss Lettie, our negotiations shall be forgotten!"

Walter rose to take leave, at the culture of midnight, that they remembered that
The Bouthern Confederacy is like an gotiations shall be forgotten!"

The next day Letty received a little organ-grinder—it has a "poor show."

"Stop, St. Mayne!" she said, folding her little hands so tightly together that the pink-tipped nails turned to rose leaves.
"You are right in speaking of idle fanders."

"By the time you receive this, my dear little sister-elect, I shall be en route."

en up all that woman holds dearest for her country's sake, yet she bushed the sobs that struggled up from her breaking heart, and tried to think she had done right. And then she took a tiny folded paper from her boosom—only a playful note about some japonical that Walter

ed it, without daring to read its contents "I cannot lay down my life for the good cause," she moaned, "but I can yield up my life's happiness. When a soldier falls, shot through the heart, the pain is over; but oh ! mine will ache on Some States, that at first were disposed to fevolt, forever. Yet I should not repine-it is

St. Mayne had once written her, and burn-

for my country." White and silent, she sat there, while the sunset flamed through the silken purple folds of the curtains, and touched the dark old paintings with gold. Swest, faint odors rose from the marble vases of heliotrope and roses in the bay-window. To Letty they seemed like the scene of those pale flowers that grow in the cemetery shadows. And the gray, gray twi-

light came at last. The night before the battle! St. Mayne never forgot the starry silence of the heavens without—the peculiar aromatic odor of the pine cones crackling on the stone hearth of the rude Virginia cabin-not even the ragged crevices of the log wall. He remembered them all as tral New York, and, indeed, almost long as memory and life endured.

There was a light, elastic step on the New York city, the draft has proceeded threshhold, a clink of spurs against the quietly, and in some localities it has causfloor, and a tall, brown-faced officer stood ed more smiles than tears. We find a beside him, laying a careless hand on St. large number of anecdotes respecting its

dayne's shoulder.
"Writing letters, Marcy? Don't lay which we extract the following.

"there should be none. I am writing to my engaged wife." Walter St. Mayne held out his hand

in smiling congratulation. "Engaged, old fellow! And told me! But who is the lady ?"

"Miss Dallas--our lovely little Letty." " Dallas! Letty Dallas!" Walter St. Mayne's head fell on folded arms, both resting on the rude camp-table, and a low groan escaped his

"Walter, are you ill?" " No, not ill," stammered the young man, in a stifled voice. "Only I am tired, and these pine-cone fires have such

suffocating smell. Don't be uneasy. I shall be better soon. Go on writing to -to Letty Dallas." St. Mayne looked at his brother's drooping head with a keen, agonizing gaze. He asked no questions, but quietly

folded away his papers, and sat regarding the fire until Walter St. Mayne looked "We are to fight to-morrow, they tell

will not forget the brother who loves you the fngitave slave.

far better than his own life. Promise me By an examination of the returns of far better than his own life. Promise me that !" And Walter promised, with his fore-

head resting on Marcy's shoulder, where it had often, often lain when they were both boys.

But Marcy St. Mayne did not fall .-By his side, through all the din and tumult of battle, walked his unseen guardian angel; and when he bore his young brother from the red field, a sabre-wound across his brow, the shout of "Victory!" sounded like a psean in his ears.

The purple curtains were drawn to hut out the storm and darkness—the Am I beginning to make some im gilded clock ticked softly on the mantle of the room where Letty Dallas sat alone, she laughed. "What bounty shall I of her dimpled cheek resting on her hand, while the unshed tears sparkled on her "Letty!" said St. Mayne, calmly and lashes brighter than any diamonds.

Suddenly the door was opened, and a servant announced "Lieutenant St. She started up, pale and trembling-

then he was come at last to claim her How changed he was as he stood before her-bow the calm, steadfast bright-

ness of his eyes perplexed her!
"Letty," he said, "by all the rules o love and war I am your captive."

She stood spell-bound in the magnetic ight of his glance. "But," he added, I wish to effect a change of prisoners."

"A change of prisoners?" "Even so, dearest, and here is you thing but that !" broke from her quivering lips.

"Pardon me!" said St. Mayne, "I young soldier, who had lingered in the see I have over-estimated the amount of shadow of the door-way—a handsome the sacrifice you are willing to make for fellow, whose brown cold lower who had

Miscellaneous.

"PEGGINO AWAY."

(Not long ago, the President gave his opinion of the

state of things, by saying, in regard to the waf, " We are Old Abe is still strengthening his thews, as of old,

And glorious the work which his colbilings display;
The head of Rebellion, his isp-stone, is sore,
Yet he smiles at the broises, while "pegging away."

And thought they had slipped from the Union for are, To check in their course, he has bidden to halt, And fastened them firmly by "pegging away."

Where fetters are thickest, and "chattela" best pay; Where masters glow fat on the sweat they don't bire; Where the shoe pinches most, he is "pegging away."

With the muscles in youth that were strong at the mani-With sinews all hardened like iron to-day,

The Crispin of Freedom is "pegging away." God succest the honest old cobbler, whose blows For the Union, he strives against Liberty's foes; And till finished the work, he'll keep "pegging away.

Incidents of the Draft.

In Philadelphia, Masachusetts, Ceneverywhere but in that nest of traitors,

erans offering to re-enlist for this sum.

not claimed exemption or furnished a sub- cation.

three cheers as he passed. Of fifty-seven drafted men who presented themselves for examination in the Third District Friday, fifty-one were exempted, four presented substitutes who were ac-

cepted, and one was accepted. In the Fourth district 111 men were examined, of whom 95 were exempted. me, Walter," he said. "Well, I'm glad 12 offered substitutes who were accepted of it. But, Walter, if-" he paused a and 4 were passed. Among the applimoment, then resumed-"if I fall, you cants for exemption was Thomas Simms.

exempts in the Fourth District, it appears that of some 860, about one-fifth of the draft, who obtained exemption, there were seventy-three who furnished substithe second class, 11 under age, 25 non-when social or commercial whiffiers and residents, 13 under height, 9 elected by cowards should assail the government mothers, and 9 fathers of motherless or threaten our domestic security : to children. Of the remainder there were frown down with solid indignation the 121 exempted for disability, and upward sympathy of a light-minded, pleasure-of 200 for numerous other complaints loving, fashion-led crowd of vulgar rich, and diseases, or physical defects. One with Southern interests and principles! man was exempt because he was dead.—

Rev. M. D. Conway has paid the \$300

Union League Club. Happily the most commutation, or rather his friends have for him, as he is absent in Europe.

With Southern interests and principles as cut off, are thrown in a heap at the side of the tent, and one would think he was in a slaughter-house at the extent of the pile.

rouse it, will ye !" shouted the man. — of all the circumstances which "prevente was evidently full of dread suspense. ted a full and free exercise of the elective

The following is a thilling extract from a speech delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bel-

"You are right in speaking of idle fancies. I accept your proposition—go, as my representative, on to the battle-field!"
His face lighted up with sudden brilliance.
"And then—your devoirs shall not be unrewarded."
He took the cold hand tenderly in his. "I will lay down my life, if need be, in token of my thanks," he said.

Over—it was all over! She had given up all that woman holds dearest for dition of society in his region. I "I had five brothers-in-law, and every one of them had sworn to take my life, simply because I adhered to the Union. They sought to shoot me through my own windows, to waylay me, to kill me any-where or any how. I have succeeded in slaying three of them. I shall not feel that my life is safe till I have killed the other two." A boy of sixteen, concealed in a Union house, saw his own mother taken out and shot before her own door, in wantonness, by an infernal rebel crew. He went out the moment the assassing had fled, to pick up her lifeless form:

counted the wounds—there were nine—and having buried his mother, instantly stripling as he was, enlisted in the Union army. He had already made sure of the slaughter of seven rebels by his own hand, and he swore that he would never cease until he had two more rebel livesone for each shot in his mother's body

These are the terrible passions which the malignity of the foe has aroused in the hearts of our brethren of the border ! Do you wonder at them? Is it not part of the body, some with ghastly eyes comes up this way, Captain, we'll give barracks. The man who is able to raise absolutely essential to self-preservation that they should adopt the policy, nay, let me rather say, yield to the passion of extermination, under such furious hared as our enemy feels and practices toward them? Can you wonder that they form solemn leagues and covenants of defence, and swear oaths of mutual fi-

delity? Said one of them-an ultra peace man who, in the worst Kansas imes, had refused to wear secret weapons: Do you know what it means"-and his face, said my friend whom he addressed, glared with a terrible earnestness as them aside—there are no secrets between Mr. Stanton says he had rather have the to swear by inspiration? For I have so swear by inspiration? The Boston Traveller is informed that he spoke-"do you know what it means

"You are right," said St. Mayne, 8300 commutation money than a raw sworn to have the blood of every rebel the heavy rain had beat upon them, cool- wanted to show the Hoosier boys how to thing mean an to my neighborhood." He had seen doz-The first drafted man in the Fourth ens of honest Union men, taken out by Massachusetts District, Boston, who has these villains and shot without provo- truly horrible. I went up to the top of to work and assisted the men to tie their stitute, passed the examining physicians,
Friday. The name of this patriot is
Nathaniel Burbank, a printer from the
Loyal Leagues. In Baltimore, where

> their journey's end, and ministering to ever afterward.
>
> The Journal says that most of the exshould men already traitors in their their wants.
>
> The old Capta emptions in Boston are for alienage. If they were for physical disability, one would think that either the people were would think that either the people were very sickly or the doctors very leuient.—
>
> Of fifty-seven drafted men who presented the people were and animorities here are not required.
>
> The old Captain advanced, and walking up to Wolford, (as he thought,) said, "Captain, are you all right now?"—
>
> Wolford rode up one side the column at the Medical Headquarters with a suppearances and animosities, how soon it ply of lint, bandages and requisites for the front, took off his hat, and said might become necessary here to compel every man openly to show his hand.—
> There was blustering treason in every
>
> The poor fellows were over
> of mercy. The poor fellows were over
> of mercy. The poor fellows were over
> of mercy. assembly. How soon a fearful trial of strength might arise between the unconditional loyalty of the city and its partisent reachery, none can tell. Loyal men showered blessings upon us for our care san treachery, none can tell. Loyal men began to feel round for their peers. They wanted to know who was who, and they determined to form an association in which men not afraid openly and unconditionally to commit themselves should their opposition to the doctrines of secestics. I saked every man where and all was as silent as a maiden's sigh. "Are you ready f" "All right, Wolford," should the conscripts, and freely declared their opposition to the doctrines of secestics of secesti which men not afraid openly and unconditionally to commit themselves should their opposition to the doctrines of secesion, but were forced to fight, against their wishes. The officers were rabid danger to the country and the cause; to were seventy-three who furnished substitutes and 35 who paid their 8300. There
> were of the remainder 230 aliens, 45 exempted as only sons, 35 over age, 41 of

for him, as he is absent in Europe.

it was erected to draw off, has already the pile.

Jefferson Davis has become a victim dispersed under the wholesome wind of During my stay here, the access was to the draft in New Bedford. He ought to find a congenial spirit in Johnson Hell, who was drafted at Bath, Me., a few days ago.

Jefferson Davis has become a victim dispersed under the wholesome wind of beyond description. The rain was pouring down in torrents, the thunder was in purifying the social atmosphere of this metropolis! Here men who love rebels in the side of the hill, there came days ago.

The Philadelphia North American their country with pure and devoted aftering the draft in the Fourteenth says: During the draft in the Fourteenth fection—men of solid character and unabove the noise of the raging elements; without regard to divisting loyalty, without regard to much merriment, and contributed to the party or sect, but only men tried, known voices, singing and praying in the adjacent to come together to come tents, no language can portray the

BY DAVID M. MEANAMISTE TO TACTA

How wearily the hours pars, Since, through the ambient air.

The lightnings flashed the startling fact, There, where my noble, figurest boy The path of fame pariner; But, ah! my aching heart will burst, While waiting for the news!

A MOTHER WAITING FOR THE NEWS.

Wounded upon that goty field, Porsakea he may die; Nor mother there to wet his lips, Nor raise his hopes on high;

By many a scar and braise; Ah! who can tell what mothers feel, While waiting for the news? Ye wise men, who have made this war To make all mankind free, Oh! know ye not this boy of mise

Was all the world to mat If he is gone, what have I left-What comfort can I choose? A mother's heart condemns your deeds, While waiting for the news!

But who can justify their aims, Yet they whose sons are safe at home. May take far different views, And cry aloud, "more blood!" Oh, God! send me good news!"

The editor of the Elyria (Ohio) Dem-crat visited the field of Gettysburg after

the battle, and thus describes it : Lying upon the ground with no covering, and most of them nearly naked, were two thousand rebels, wounded in every peering upon me, but cold in death. As him the best we've got in the shop." passed in among them, the living appealed to me in the most pitcous tones to come to their relief. One begged me to shoot him, and end his misery. I saw "Ef our hosses would stand fire we'd who succeded in kicking the ball over come to their relief. One begged me to shoot him, and end his misery. I saw "Ef our hosses would stand fire, we' hundreds who had lain there a whole week, wounded so severely that they were not able to move, and whom their own surgeons had entirely neglected, thinking you're restin' you and your company put challenge Buell to fight him a fist fight.

On ascending the hill beyond, the suffering was even more terrible, if possible.

Wolford, (as it were,) alighted and orac set of cadets who then were considered the men had lain in their own filth, and dered "his boys" to dismount, as he ed Aristocrats; he would descend to nocovering them with all the filth that had he chance to pay them a visit. This deaccumulated above; their condition was lighted the Hoosier boys, so they went the hill, where our own wounded lay un- old, weary, worn out bones to the fences, office of the American Union. He looked upon the draft from a patriotic stand
point, as a call to the service of his
country, and has responded like a true
man. The enrolling board gave him
three cheers as he passed.

Loyal Leagnes. In Baltimore, where
they began, the danger was not merely
imminent, it had already fallen. The
invasion of Pennsylvania aroused Philadelphia to a sense of her own peril as a
possible border city. Men began to look
they began, the danger was not merely
imminent, it had already fallen. The
full three cheers as he passed.

Each tent contained from eight to ten,
and the men were in their saddles, drawn
up in line, and ready for the word. The
boys were highly elated at the idea of
having their "pet horses" trained for
kind friends were at their sides singing
and the men were in their saddles, drawn
up in line, and ready for the word. The
boys were highly elated at the idea of
having their "pet horses" trained for
kind friends were at their sides singing
and praying with those who were near
their icourney's end, and minimal properties to ten,
and the men were in their saddles, drawn
up in line, and ready for the word. The
boys were highly elated at the idea of
having them by Wolford and his men, and more
their icourney's end, and minimal properties to ten,
at least one-fifth of whom had lost an
up in line, and ready for the word. The
boys were highly elated at the idea of
having their "pet horses" trained for
kind friends were at their sides singing
them by Wolford and his men, and praying with those who were near
their icourney's end, and minimal properties to the properties to

Just before night, a heavy shower came the citizens. It soon became whispered up, and I sought shelter in the large tent where the amputating tables were placed, and there is not a man in the town who and in the course of an hour witnessed a will "own up" that he was galled out the best raftsman on the river. It was large number of operations, the patients of a horse. The company disbanded that being entirely insensible from the use of night, though the Captain holds the hor- take the logs over the rapids, but he was chloroform. The legs and arms, as fast see as prisoners of war, and awaits an skillful with a raft, and always kept ber

much merriment, and contributed to the good feeling manifested everywhere over the conscription. In the crowd there stood a pale Irishman, with his hands crossed and arms behind his back. He gased intently as each name was drawn from the wheel of destiny. He had not been heard to speak to any body. Presently be appeared to be operated, upon by some unseen galvanic battery. During his spasm he exclaimed in an F. sharp tone:

"Wherl it round! wherl it round!

"Wherl it round! wherl it round!

"Wherl it round! wherl it round!

"Wherl it round! wherl it round! each County to send him a full statement from ever again beholding such an aggregation of human misery.

"Wherl it round! wherl it round! of all the circumstances which "prevengation of human misery.

He was evidently full of dread suspense. Ited a full and free exercise of the elective franchies by citizens who were entitled to vote? at the recent election. Is Charley going to contest? He can't be quiet. Old Ben Hardin, who knew his cousin last is my next door neighbor."

At this point the universal laugh came

Ited a full and free exercise of the elective franchies by citizens who were entitled to vote? at the recent election. Is Charles no bodies are to be exhumed in the cemeteries or burial places near the content of Gettysburg. A positive order is issued to this effect.

Ichn Morean's pieces in the elective franchies by citizens who were entitled to vote? at the recent election. Is Charles are to be exhumed in the cemeteries or burial places near the content of the co

At this point the universal language came of the second of great interest to the sympathizers.—

The Southern Confederacy is like an odd of fast that the seat of his breeches of great interest to the sympathizers.—

Yelling leminates with the seat of his breeches of great interest to the sympathizers.—

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Yelling leminates with the seat of his breeches of great interest to the sympathizers.—

Yelling leminates with the seat of his breeches Second Order-Gin!

Morgan's Strategy.

HOW HE GOT THREE HUNDRED HORSES.

John Morgan is as good at playing a joke sometimes as he is at horse-stealing, and the following incident will prove that on this occasion he did a little of both at the same time. During the celebrated tour through Indiana, he, with about three hundred and fifty guerrillas, took occa-sion to visit a little town hard by, while the main body were "marching on."
Dashing suddenly into the little "burg."
he found about three hundred Home Guards, each having a good horse tied to the fences; the men standing about in groups, awaiting orders from their aged Captain, who looked as if he had seen the shady side of sixty years. The "Hoosier boys" looked at the men with

astonishment, while the Captain went up to one of the party, and said : "Whose company is this ?"

"Wolford's caralry," said the reb.
"What! Kentucky boys! We're glad to see you, boys. Whar's Wolford?"
"There he sits," said a ragged, rough reb., pointing to Morgan, who was sitting sideways upon his horse.

The Captain walked up to Wolford (as he and all thought) and saluted him: "Captain, how are you?"

you going to do with all these men and he remarked "that if Baell had as much horses ?" Morgan looked about. "Well, you see that d—d horse thieving John Morgan is in this part of the country, with a passel of cut throats and this year, and between you and I if he " Well, you see that d-d horse thiev-

"He's hard to catch; we've been after "Ef our hosses would stand fire, we'd

be all right." "Won't they stand ?" "No, Captain Wolford; 'spose while

And the only man Morgan is afraid of, at the Academy, Buell was the leader of

The old Captain advanced, and walk-

REBELS VO. COPPERHEADS-For the henefit of Copperheads, we append a little conversation which took place between one of Morgan's men and an old Quaker

Lieut. Adams, of Morgan's band, with squad, after borning a bridge near Salem, went to a Quaker farmer's house a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him hard by, and asked for some milk. The Friend demurely accompanied the Lieu-tenant to the spring-house, and told him lost my apple averboard." to belp himself and men. While drinking the milk, the following conversation occurred : Lieut. Adams-"Your's a Quaker ain"

Friend (very soberly)-"Yes." Lieut. A .- Then you're an abolilion-

Friend (ditto)-"Yes." Lieut. A .- "A stannch Union man? Friend, (emphatically)-"Yes." Lieut. A.. (after a pance)-" Got any butternuts around here?"

Friend-" Yea." you hang them? We have a way of choking such people down our way."

ARKANDAS TACTICS. - An Arkansas Colonel has the following order for moun-First Order-Prepare for the wit

MINNIE BIFLE.

The finest friend I ever knew, And one with whom I dare not triffe Who in all danger sees me through, Whose aim is ever good and true,

Is my sweet Minnie Rife. She gently rests upon my arm, Is always ready, always willing;

Wakes up, upon the first alarm, To show she can be killing. Her locks are bright as they can be,

And that her sight is good to me, Is just as sure as shooting. Though used to many a flery spark, She's never careless in her pleasure; She always aims to hit the mark,

And when her voice the Southerns hark," They find she's no Secesher. Upon her more than 'twere a trifle: She's bigbly polished; and I'd pray, Were I bereft of friends this day, "Oh, leave my Minhie Rifle!"

West Point. In the reminiscences of an "Old Sol-dier," published in the Louisville Jour-

nal, a number of its West Point graduuates are mentioned with interest. I was considerably amused to-day to hear a graduate of West Point describe some "Bully! How are you? What are We were talking of Buell's energy, when of the peculiarities of Buell and McClellan. energy in his head as in his foot, he certhieves, and between you and I, if he Point able to kick a football over north a ball to the caves must possess great the barracks, and that name is Don Carlos Buell. When Buell was a Lieutenant a large burley fellow gave him some insolence, and forgot himself so far as to they would soon die. Many of them your saddles on our hosses and go through this was too much for the young were shot through the body, and they a little evolution or two, by way of a lestile through the body. were actually rotting, lings worms crawling through the decayed flesh.

son to our boys. I'm told you are hoss' he knocked the fellow down, and with one kick broke three of his ribs. While purpose and pride of character. friend also told us that among the tests of strength in his time at the Academy. was the grip of the knees when on horseback. A man who could make a horse squeal by gripping him with the kness, was considered a No. 1 rider. Among

those that excelled were McClellan and

Fitz John Porter. The former could

make a horse squeal, and the latter would

make bim squeal and witch his tail. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STORIES .- The Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says that on & was open to the public, a fermer from one of the border Counties of Virginia told the President that the Union soldiers, in passing bis farm, had helped themselves not only to hay, but his horese, and he hoped the President would arge the proper officers to consider his claims immediaately. "Why, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln blandly, "I couldn't think of such a thing. If I considered individual cases, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents !" Bowie urged his needs persistently; Mr. Lin-coln declined good naturedly. "But," said the persevering sufferer, "couldn't quite a trick twenty-five years ago to straight in the channel. Finally a steam-boat was put on, and Jock—he's dead now, poor fellow !—was made Captain of her. He slways used to take the wheel, going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jock's ntmost vigilance was being exer-cised to keep her in the narrow channel,

THE DRATH OF YANGET .- The death of THE DEATH OF YABOUT. THE Southern that arch-plotter of this terrible Southern rebellion, William L. Yancey, is deplorrebellion, William L. Yancey, is deplored among the rebel journals as involving the death of a saint, who embodied in himself almost, if not quite, all the talents and all the virtues of all the great men of ancient and modern times. But justice to other dead men, even as rebelt, requires that Yancey, in his true merits, should be handed over to an admiring posterity. He was nothing more than a restless, plotting revolutionist, a notary fire-eater, an eloquent blatherskite, always in hot water, and never satisfied to let well enough alone in anything. With his decease a great bag of wind has collapsed, and nothing more.—N. Y. Herald.

with, "Say ! Mister Captain ! I wish

rebel incursion into Pennsylvania like the embroidery of a Jady's cleak? Because it was chiefly arrayed on the border.